

Introduction

Piping down the valleys wild
Piping songs of pleasant glee
On a cloud I saw a child.
And he laughing said to me:

Pipe a song about a Lamb,
So I piped with merry cheer.
Piper pipe that song again,
So I piped, he wept to hear.

Drop thy pipe thy happy pipe,
Sing thy songs of happy cheer,
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

Piper sit thee down and write
In a book that all may read,
So he vanished from my sight,
And I plucked a hollow reed.

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs,
Every child may joy to hear.